1346 m. 7
(30*)

The ſake of Gold.

FOr the ſake of gold ſhe's left me O,
and of all that's dear bereft me O
For Athol's duke ſhe's me forſook;
to endleſs woe ſhe's left me O.
A ſtar and a garter has more art
to gain her than by faithful heart
For greater titles we muſt part
ſince ſhe has ever left me O.
No nymph ſhall e'er have power to move
my injur'd heart again to love,
Thro' foreign lands I now will rove,
ſince ſhe's for ever left me O.
Ye powers above unto your care,
I leave this tender cruel fair;
My choiceſt bleſſings be her ſhare
ſince ſhe's for ever left me O.